

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XI.]

Saturday, June 16,....1810.

[NO. 8.

THE CAVERN OF STROZZI.

In Continuation.

THE figure in white, and the one who held it enchained, arrived at the spot I had just quitted ; and the former having seated himself, the other fastened the chain of his companion, or rather his prisoner, to a ring placed in the rock. which I had not perceived ; he then withdrew to a short distance, pulled out a steel, struck it, lighted a pipe, muttered a few oaths, and began to smoke.

After a mournful silence of ten or twelve minutes, which was only interrupted by the sighs of the personage who was seated, the latter addressed the one who appeared to be his keeper :—

“Ricardo,” said he, “what’s the hour?”

“Past midnight,” replied the other surlily.

“Midnight,” exclaimed the prisoner, uttering a heavy sigh—
“Alas ! all hours are to me equal, for they are all equally attended with grief ;—must I be condemned to die daily, and am I prevented ridding myself of a loathsome life.”

“S’death ! said Ricardo,—“it depends only on yourself to render your life agreeable : your obstinacy causes all your miseries ; you might be happy if you were complying.”

“Great God !” replied the prisoner, “if I can purchase liberty only at the price of honor, I prefer dying with her I love to living with her I detest.”

“Sensible determination,” replied the goaler ; “to detest a charming woman, and dote upon a loathsome carcase.”

“Ricardo,” said the other, in an accent mingled with grief and indignation, “you are placed here to guard me, not to give me advice. Is it not enough you tyrannize over my person, but must you also be master of my thoughts.”

Ricardo vented an oath, and was silent. The prisoner sighed, and leaning his head upon his hands, seemed to weep.

For myself, struck as I was with the scene I beheld, and the mysterious words I had heard, I thought the whole a dream.

Ricardo who had finished smok-

ing his pipe, amused himself by climbing to a part of the rock of steep ascent ; and when he was at a sufficient distance not to hear me, I thought I would venture to utter a few consoling words that might afford a ray of hope to the wretched prisoner; but that I might not startle him, I sung a few plaintive notes in a very low voice.—The unexpected sounds excited his attention: surprize and fear forced an involuntary exclamation from him, which however the goaler did not hear. Conceiving his first alarm had subsided, I softly sung the first couplet of the following stanza, which perfectly accorded with his situation.

Oh thou, the victim of sad care and
grief!

Who liv'st immur'd in cavern here
forlorn,

The hand is near that means to bring
relief,
And heal those mis'ries thou so long
hast borne.

Thy sorrows cease, no more thy lot be-
wail;

Of happiness man ne'er can be bereft,
Howe'er adversity with woes assail,

While hope, that soother of the soul,
is left.

Reflect how many by a tyrant's power,
Like thee, deplore the dungeon's
gloomy night,

Till gracious Heav'n, at the appointed
hour,

The tyrant strikes, and brings his
crimes to light.

Oft days of pleasure follow nights of
pain,

And thou may'st wake to happiness
and joy ;

Then let sweet hope thy sinking soul
sustain,

For guilt alone can soothing hope de-
stroy.

The prisoner was upon the point of answering—he was preparing his voice—when Ricardo, wearied of his amusement, descended from the crag of the rock, and approached him, said, in the most brutal manner, “Come, let us return.”

“To-morrow then,” cried the prisoner, as he was leaving the willow which concealed me.

“To-morrow,” replied T.

“The devil!” said Ricardo,—
“did I not hear some one speak?”

“It was the echo,” answered the prisoner, “which repeated my words—To-morrow.”

Ricardo contented himself with saying—He had not before observed the echo; and having untied the chain of his victim, they returned into the Cavern.

Left alone, and abandoned to my reflections, I recalled every circumstance of the scene I had beheld; I compared them together, in the order in which they had appeared, with the words I had extracted from the book at the library. I presumed that the unhappy wretch who was confined in the Cavern of Strozzi was the victim of the passion of some powerful lady, to whose desires he refused to yield. But why should he have said “that he preferred dying with

her he loved to living with her he detested?" Perhaps his mistress was a prisoner as well as himself, and the wretched pair were both immured in this dreadful Cavern. Why talk of dying with her? Was it intended to sacrifice them?—Again: "What could Ricardo mean by the words "cherish a loathsome carcase?"

All these thoughts, and a crowd of others floated on my brain.—As soon as I had solved one question, some objection, which I had not foreseen, plunged me in doubt. The night and part of the day passed in this manner; a thousand schemes entered my imagination: sometimes yielding to a cowardly fear, I thought of flying forever from this scene of horror and danger: sometimes animated by a more noble sentiment, I determined to inform the holy inquisitors of what I had seen. Evening had arrived, and I had adopted no fixed resolution. I ran towards the shore:—my gondola appeared; but I desired the gondolier to return again next day, pretending (what indeed was but too true) that the singularities and wonders of the Cavern required more than a day to examine them thoroughly.

The day had quite departed; night had veiled the earth, and the moon shed her faint and glimmering rays over a sea of clouds; a southerly wind, which blew from Venice, made me distinctly hear the hours strike. Still concealed

behind the old willow, I counted eleven without having perceived any thing. At length, a few minutes before midnight, the entrance into the inmost cavern was unloosed, and the prisoner came forward, followed by the brutal Ricardo. Both placed themselves on the rock near the willow. Ricardo chained his victim as before, lighted his pipe, and walked to a short distance. I repeated, in a low voice, the stanza I sung yesterday, which the prisoner listened to with attention; then cautiously extending part of my body towards him, keeping the other concealed behind the tree, I said to him, "Are you acquainted with a certain book in the library of St. Mark?"

He started—"I see," said he, "you have read the thirteenth pages; but I am too much observed to speak: if you can feel for my misfortunes, act as this letter directs you; and when you shall have read it, pursue the dictates of your own heart."

I was about to reply, but the return of Ricardo only gave me time to put forth my hand, and take the letter the prisoner presented. I then again concealed myself. Ricardo repeated the same circumstances I have described to have taken place yesterday; and the prisoner, as he was going away, turned his head towards the place where I was, and sung these words in a melancholy tone of voice:

"Who aids the cause of innocence oppress'd

"Is by the act alone supremely bless'd;

"No greater rapture man on earth can know,

"Than that of feeling and relieving woe."

The moon was not sufficiently clear to enable me to read the letter he had given me, and it would have been imprudent to have struck a light; I therefore left the cavern and waited on the sea-shore the return of the day. But as I had passed the preceding night without sleep, was wearied by the ideas this extraordinary adventure had excited, and was lulled by the monotonous sound of the billows beneath me, I yielded to these various impulses, and fell into a profound sleep.

It was broad day-light when I awoke. The fatigue I had undergone, the sleep I had enjoyed, added to the sharp and nitrous air from the sea, had excited the cravings of hunger in an extreme degree; but I had but little provision left; therefore I could only assuage without satisfying it.

I saw, with some uneasiness, that in order to enable myself to explore the end of this adventure, it was necessary I should return to Venice; and my regret was increased when I read the prisoner's letter. It was to this effect:

"What you have already seen of my misfortunes, dreadful as they may have appeared to you, can

give you no idea of those of which you are still ignorant. If you are desirous of becoming acquainted with them, and of rescuing the most miserable of men, repair to-morrow about midnight to the sea shore, near the bay which is opposite to Venice; a bark will land there; follow those whom you see leave it, without, if possible, being perceived by them; observe them, and act as honor and pity dictate."

It is easy to imagine what my impatience was during the rest of the day—an impatience which was increased by the calls of hunger. I traversed the island, but it only presented singular petrifications, and spars of every form and color—things which at any other time I should have felt a lively interest in, but which then only augmented my hunger, my impatience, and fatigue.

This tedious day at length closed. The sun quitted the horizon, and my faithful gondolier did not fail to make his appearance. We soon crossed the strait that separated us from Venice. When I had arrived at that city, I only delayed the necessary time to obtain a fresh supply of provisions, and in half an hour after returned to the island of Strozzi.

In order the better to follow the instructions contained in the prisoner's letter, I concealed myself behind a rising ground near the bay, where, by raising my head, I could discover the sea. I remain-

ed a full hour in this position.—Towards midnight, as I judged by the moon, which had just risen, (for the wind having changed; I could not hear the sound of the clocks at Venice) the noise of oars, which agitated the calm billows, announced the arrival of the bark, It soon touched ground, and five persons came silently from it: one of them fastened it to the shore, a second uncovered a dark lantern, with which he appeared to examine the place round him, and all of them proceeded towards the Cavern.

Leaving the retreat in which I had concealed myself, I followed them: neither of them spoke, but walked with slow and solemn steps. The noise of their footsteps echoed round them, and the cavern, which they were now near, repeated the sounds. What a scene!—what a situation! A gloomy night scarce rendered visible, by the faint light of the moon, a parched and barren soil, covered with briars; a dreadful mass of rocks piled one upon another, and rearing their colossal forms above the horizon; a wide, dark, and horrid cavern; weeping willows; mournful cypresses; and to add to these horrors, a dread silence which rendered the distant dashing of the billows and the blood-stained steps of the five murderers still more frightful.

They arrived at the Cavern.—One of them struck a projection of the rock with the hilt of his poni-

ard; an instant after a hoarse voice from the inside of the Cavern cried, "*Treason.*" The five persons replied, "*Vengeance!*" and the entrance was opened after the three first had repeated the words "*Vengeance!—vengeance!—vengeance!*"

(*To be continued.*)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE following Letter and Poem was written by *Mr. BEERS*, in answer to a letter that I wrote a few months since, requesting him to favour me with some of his poetical productions for publication.—Nearly seven years have elapsed since I have had the pleasure of a personal communication with him, but recollecting many pieces that occasionally fell from his pen, tho' of a local nature, that were read and admired by several persons of literature and refinement in the village where he resides, and that also betrayed a *native* poetic turn of mind, of no ordinary cast, but like an unpolished gem of the purest ray, needed the hand of an artist to bring its beauties to our view.

The letter is written in that plain style which is the usual characteristic of a poet, and the Poem, though defective in some instances, (owing to the want of practice and an early education) is not with-

out its merits, as it is fraught with that remarkable simplicity and harmony which cannot fail to excite the attention of the admirers of poetry.

The reader will be much more disposed to admire both the letter and the poem, when informed, that they are the effusions of a *mund* that never received any other cultivation than by the hand of nature, and that Mr. Beers is a taylor by profession, who having connected himself early in life, and a numerous family of children soon succeeding, rendered it utterly impracticable for him to devote his time and attention to these liberal acquirements, for which, we may readily perceive, his mind was so well calculated.

W. A. T.

Broad-Street, June 7th, 1810.

Woodbury, Jan. 8, 1810.

Dear Sir.

A few days ago, I was a little surprised, by the receipt of a letter from you, as well on account of the number of years that have rolled away since our immediate acquaintance, as at the unexpected novelty of your request: I have only to add, that had it been forwarded at an earlier period of my life, my natural vanity and puerile desire for poetic fame, would have urged me to an unconditional com-

pliance with your request; but having passed more than half a century of experience, you will have the indulgence to pardon my hesitation.

To a man paralyzed in the exertion of his talents, by the necessary attention to the avocation of his profession, and after having led so long a life, attended with a variety of vicissitudes in fortune, it appears to me too arduous a task for me now to cultivate.—Verging on penury and using every endeavour to steer clear of the rocks that on every side, like Scylla and Caribdis, threaten impending destruction, you must have the kindness to excuse an immediate compliance with your wishes.

What has fallen from my pen, in my past life, has been most generally epistolary, and originated from local occurrences that would scarce merit a typical impression.

I am conscious that I have possessed a talent for poesy, and am as fully persuaded that no patronizing hand has ever been held out to cultivate it, and my own resources having been inadequate to the object, the inspiration of the muses have perished in the embryo.

I have ever needed the softening hand of resignation, and the more helpful one of philosophy, to maintain a cheerfulness inherent in my constitution, which to a man of a liberal turn of mind, and with at least a moderate share of sensi-

bility, at times, is difficult to sustain, well knowing when the pressure attending the unpleasant perplexities of life, preponderate and bear down our mental faculties that we are lost forever.

Therefore, I have to glean from a retrospective view of enjoyment, in the sun-shine of life, something that will buoy up my mind, in the more turbid scenes of superannuation.

Your own discretion will readily perceive the reason of my reluctance on this occasion, as at present I have but few of my own performances in my possession, and such as I have, would need my own revisal and correction before they would be fit to lay before the public eye, and at present, I can see no stimulous of sufficient incentive for the undertaking.

You will accept the following lines in answer to your poetical epistle, which I suppose you think it is my duty to reciprocate.

.....

THE COTTAGE MAID.

Just as the sun, had with his parting ray,
Beam'd on yon orient hills the close of day,
And falling low, had left the scene I sought,
Near where there dwelt, in nature's beauty wrought,

A Cottage Maid!

Pensive and musing on my toil and care,
I sought my dwelling, and refreshment there,
Careless while down the mountain's side I pass'd,
And scarce a glance on nature's beauties cast :

The whispering zephyr, in its summer breeze,
Play'd round the fields, and gambol'd midst the trees,
And on its wings brought forth a dirge-like strain,
O! hear ye winds a Cottage maid complain:

Pathetic, as the lonely turtle's moan,
That's robb'd her mate, and left to grieve alone,
Was her complaint!

'How visionary are our joys while here,
'Anticipation is the most we find,
'Our greatest hopes are all alloy'd with fear:
'O! where's the balm, to ease an anxious mind.

'Auspicious Heav'n, sends through the clouded skies,
'Some rays to light us, as we travel on;
'Like, *ignis fatuus*, that attracts your eyes,
'We chase the phantom, till 'tis lost and gone.

'Inflated here, with an inherent pride,
'Tho' oft endow'd with soft'ning charms to please,
'To vice and virtue both so near alli'd,
'Alternate impulse, yields us care and ease.

'EDWIN, who cheer'd the morning of my days,
'Grown up to manhood, from a darling child,

* In retrospection here, a scene pours
trays,

* That all my pleasing youthful hours
beguil'd.

* Yet ne'er the sun shall down the west-
ern sky,

* But I'll to friendship, pay a tribute
dear ;

* The passing breezes shall absorb each
sigh,

* And falling dews be mingled with a
tear,

* These lines he gave me, on that part-
ing day,

* And accents sweet, that from his lips
then fell,

* I e'er shall tune to Philomela's lay,

* To hush those cares that make my bo-
som swell.

" My love, my love, be constant and be
true,

" Our passions mutual, and our love the
same ;

" Your EDWIN now must bid a short
adieu,

" For O ! his country summons him to
fame.

" One fond embrace—ELIZA, fare thee
well !

" My grieving heart an ut'rance cannot
find ;

" O'erwhelmed now, with more than
tongue can tell—

" Be ever faithful and be ever kind."

While thus I listen'd to her plaintive
song,

My heart, with sympathy, began to
swell ;

I left the grove, and bent my way
along,

And bade the weeping Cottage Maid
farewell !

Be assured of my friendly esteem.

ZACHARIAH BEERS.

To M. W. A. T.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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LUCRUBRATIONS.—No. II.

It is the disposition of the vici-
ous and malevolent part of man-
kind, when overtaken by the trou-
bles and vexations of life, to impute
the mishaps that arise, to a blind
and undeserving providence, which
in fact, are the products of their
own iniquitous conduct. But al-
though we may endeavour thus to
throw a veil over our misconduct,
the world blind and ungracious as
it is reputed to be, in this instance,
generally alledge the evils result-
ing from such misconduct, to their
proper origin, and will unreserv-
edly deal out to them the punish-
ment that she never fails to inflict
upon depravity and vice. On the
contrary when calamity thickens
around us, proceeding from unfor-
tunate causes, not in the power
of human strength to withstand,
the man that could pitilessly look
on sufferings proceeding from such
a source, must be made of rock,
and is undeserving the appellation
of man.

The industrious merchant who
has spent nearly the whole of an
indefatigable life in the pursuit of
a fortune, and then embarks that
fortune, to the inclemencies of a
merciless ocean, and is swallowed
up, he who would not commiser-
ate his calamity is little more than
a brute. His misfortune was the
product of a cause hidden in the
mazes of providence. He had

neither wisdom nor foresight sufficient to foresee the catastrophe that was to ruin him. The winds of Heaven would not be restrained by his voice. The rock upon which his hopes were foundered would not disappear at his command.

The labourer, who, by persevering industry for years, at the decline of life, when the winter of age begins to congeal the powers that assisted him in raising a little hut, where he fondly imagined he would spend the remainder of his days in peace, his humble dwelling is destroyed by arson, or the vindictive whirl-wind razes it to the ground, who can withhold the tear of sympathy, or who will not contribute towards rearing another, to protect this aged unfortunate from the "northern blast."

The man who, by inexperience, is drawn into the vortex of infamy, through the machinations of scoundrels, who have conspired together to ruin him, and who falls a prey to his own indiscretion, we pity his folly and would offer a prayer at the shrine of mercy for his forgiveness. Indeed, there is a disposition in every creature of the human race, to commiserate with its fellow creature in trouble, when that trouble proceeds from causes, the unhappy victim of which, could not have foreseen or withstood.

Sympathy is a quality deeply implanted in the human heart ; it

was designed by our Creator to cheer us in the rugged paths of sublunary life. Was it not for this mild principle, so admirably calculated to soften the rough shades of human nature, soon would the bonds which connect civilized society be dissolved, and the forests instead of being the abode of savages, would echo to the howl of misanthropic terror. But our own experience and feelings teach us, that such calamity must have proceeded from causes other than our own misconduct. On the one, the moralist casts an eye of mutual sensibility—he looks down upon the other with a sullen gloom, mingled with the sensations of horror ! We need not look far into the world for examples to illustrate this latter position. Our thresholds are assailed by their innumerable petitions for a miserable crust to sustain life, and the bills of mortality weekly announce the exit of a wretch, who no longer able to sustain the just reproaches of the world, upon his past misconduct, terminates his existence by poison or the dagger !!!

(To be continued.)

A. M. G.

Cherry-Street.

DEPTH OF SENTIMENT,

Illustrated by a bright imagination, is like the sea when the sun shines upon it, and turns it into an ocean of light.

For the Lady's Miscellany.
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SERIOUS COMPLAINT!

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Mr. Editor.

AMONG the Ladies who please themselves with splendid furniture or elegant entertainment, it is a practice, very common, to ask every guest how he likes the carved work of the cornice, or the figures of the tapestry; the china at the table, or the plate on the side-board; and on all occasions to enquire his opinion of their judgment and their choice. *Melina* has laid her new watch in the window *nineteen* times, that she may desire me to look at it. *Calista* has an art of dropping her snuff-box, by drawing out her handkerchief, that when I pick it up I may admire it: And *Fulgencia* has conducted me, *by mistake*, into the wrong room, at every visit I have paid, since her picture was put into a new frame.

I hope, Mr. Editor, you will inform them, that no man should be denied the privilege of silence, or tortured to false declarations; and that though ladies may justly claim to be exempt from rudeness, they have no right to force unwilling civilities. To please is a laudable and worthy ambition, and is properly rewarded with honest praise, but to seize applause by violence, and call out for commendation, without knowing or caring to know, whether it is given from

conviction, is a species of tyranny, by which modesty is oppressed and sincerity corrupted. The tribute of admiration thus exacted by impudence and importunity, differs from the respect paid to silent merit, as the plunder of a pirate from the merchant's profit.

I am, very respectfully, &c.

S—I C. B—.

Kimbleton, May 31st, 1810.

For the Lady's Miscellany.
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The *Soliloquy of Morden* having thrown me into a train of reflection on the various pursuits of mankind, the end and ultimate hope of which is happiness—I would ask the pursuers, why they seek abroad for what is seated in their own bosoms? or what is requisite to create happiness, but content?—And surely that being cannot be far removed from idiocy, who will annihilate in pursuit, the object he desires to attain. Happiness is formed for us, it comes into the world with us, but it is our intercourse with that world, and the various follies which that intercourse engenders in our minds, that obscures the desired object from our view; and while imagination amuses us with the idea, that happiness must be sought, truth, could she be heard, would convince us that we are actually in full possession of it—But so powerful is the magic of fancy, that plain simple truth sinks from

her consequential frown and retires to humble distance, leaving poor deluded man a willing votary to her capricious sway ; and so despotic is her power, that taste, judgment, and even integrity, too frequently fall victims to her, and the poor deluded victims have nothing left but regret and a long train of visionary evils, which have no foundation but what her vain imagination pictures to them. 'Tis this hideous phantom which has metamorphosed the Matrimonial state into its present disgusting form—Fancy paints things to us in whatever colors she pleases, and we, when lost to truth, see not with our own eyes, but hers. Thus men, when they enter life, let their age be what it may, if they suffer her to become their guide, sink gradually into dissipation ; vice follows, and instead of what they expected, grasp misery, while happiness flies affrighted from them, perhaps forever. This has, I fear, been the influence under which *Morden* has begun his career ; and if we may judge by his effusions, if he has not, he is in a fair way soon to take his horrid partner for life, pale, haggard misery, with all her attendant train of ills.

[*To be continued*]

LAURETTA.

Only three things are done well in a hurry ; flying from the plague, escaping quarrels, and catching fleas.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

The first book that was printed was the *Vulgate Edition of the Bible*, in 2 vols. folio, A. D. 1462.

The second was *Cicero de Officiis*, 1466. In the reign of Edward VI. all books on astronomy and geometry were destroyed in England, as infected with magic. P.

A Connecticut man thus humorously advertises a rogue, who stole his plough :

"What would the pithy dramatist have said, if, after having been robbed of purse, and savage hand extended to wrest him of his good name, some skulking miscreant should have filched his plough away ?

"All I have to say (not being a licensed dealer in the pathetic) is simply this ; if the person who took from me some few nights ago a new Dutch Plough, will be good enough to return it, in the night time, as he took it, if most convenient, he shall be entitled to the thanks of the owner, with the additional reward of a drink of cider, provided he is manly enough to bring it home in the day time :—otherwise he may expect to be snagg'd by the tender hooks of the law.

JAMES BACKUS.

"*Norwich, April 24.*"

THE CORSICAN CAT.

The *deaths* which Bonaparte underwent during the time he lived in Egypt are astonishing. In the bloody engagement, which turned the Levant into the Red Sea, he received three mortal wounds, and just lived to surrender his sword to Admiral Nelson! In ascending the Nile, *chin deep in water, he perished of thirst!* At Cairo, he was assassinated by a Tripoline gentleman! Soon after he left Cairo, he was seized by Murad Bey, and guillotined! Passing over the desert of Suez, a burning mountain of red hot sand was raised by a whirlwind, and buried him five fathoms deep! Just before he reached Suez, he and his whole army perished by famine! At Suez, the army was attacked by the plague, and Bonaparte died the last of them! At St. Jean d'Acre, he was taken prisoner by a Turkish detachment, who fired him off from the mouth of a cannon! Making his escape from St. Jean d'Acre, he and all his army were drowned in the Red Sea! On his return to Egypt, the army mutinied, and cut off Bonaparte's head, sending it to the Turkish Pacha, as a peace offering, to allow them to return to France.— There having been received no account of this *Cat of a Chief Consul*, from the time he ran away from Egypt till his arrival in France, we cannot state *authentically* the number of deaths he suffered on his retrograde voyage, and

we make it a point never to lay any thing before the public which has not

“ — confirmations strong

“ As proofs of holy writ!”

London paper.

The only daughter of G. Elwes, Esq. Portman-square (son of Mr. Elwes, the celebrated economist,) a young lady of very tender age, and sole presumptive heiress to a fortune of upwards of a million sterling, has, we understand, eloped with a clergyman, by the contrivance of a *brother of the cloth*, who was on the most intimate terms in Mr. Elwes's house. *ib.*

The old parson Joseph, at Gret-na Green, is still alive and hearty, drinks nothing but brandy, and has neither been sick nor sober these forty years. He got a princely fee lately for marrying the great heiress Miss Elwes to Mr. Duffield, the fortunate bridegroom having given him 50l. sterling. *ib.*

A militia-officer perambulating his district, to take a list of such of the inhabitants as were liable to be enrolled, saw an old *comb-maker* at work, and thus addressed him: “ Pray, honest friend, how old are you?” — “ Not old enough (answered he) to be chosen a militia-man; I'm a mere infant: don't you observe I am cutting my teeth.”

One mild word quenches more heat than a hundred buckets of water.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 16, 1810.

The City-Inspector reports the death of 32 persons (of whom 8 were men, 13 women, 4 boys, and 7 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last.

HORRID MURDER!

One of the most aggravated species of murder was on the 16th ult. committed by a man named Phillips, in the county of Champaign, (Ohio,) on the person of his wife. She was laying on the languishing bed of sickness where her unnatural husband approached her, and with more than brutal fury seized her person, and after beating her in the most shocking manner, dragged her out of bed to the door—in vain the suppliant wife implored for mercy—her groans of anguish were lost in the rage of her inhuman husband—her cries were answered by blows, and her prayer for pity but added fire to the indignation of her cruel destroyer. At length, fatigued with the exercise occasioned by the infliction of his cruel tortures, he appears to have resorted to another expedient, as if to protract the existence of the wife, that he might wreak his vengeance with redoubled fury, by the encreasing pangs of the unfortunate sufferer. He seized a pail of water, and deluged the prostrate victim, by emptying its contents frequently upon her; then beat her with the pail, in so shocking a manner, that a true description of her situation, would almost congeal the vital fluids of all who possess the common feelings of sympathy—she languished a few hours and expired. It is a matter of consolation that but few such barbarous fiends exist in human form—surely such a monster in creation is rarely found. Philips is now confined in Urbana jail, and it is hoped he will there continue, until satisfaction is made to the violated laws of his country.

Warning to Drunkards!—On Tuesday last, in a tipling shop in Philadelphia, a man after taking a hearty draught fell down, and immediately expired. It is said that this miserable creature had been in the constant habit of intoxication and that having been boasting of the quantity he could drink, some wicked persons in the shop made a bet with him, that he could not drink a *Pint of Peach Brandy*; He swallowed the fatal dose, and immediately afterwards dropped upon the floor.

A prolific wedding!—In adopting the maxim, that 'it is not good for man to be alone,' Bonaparte has determined not only to set the example of marrying, but to accompany it with such arguments as cannot fail, in a country so famed for gallantry as France, to make it followed. We may presume, also, that although the Emperor's first marriage produced no issue, this last will add somewhat to the number of his subjects. Among the regulations to be observed, in consequence of the nuptials of this unparalleled character, we find the following:

"Besides the 6000 fortunes, which are to be given to 6000 young women, who are to be married to 6000 soldiers, in honor of the imperial nuptials, a pardon has been granted to deserters from the army and navy, and all persons imprisoned for certain slight state offences, who are detained in prison for the payment of their fines and expence, are discharged."

Col

Promotion!—The British sloop of war Rattlesnake, of 18 guns, has arrived in England, after a cruise of fourteen years in the Indian Seas—only one of her original crew has returned in her, who went out cabin-boy and has come home boatswain.

A Revolution has taken place in Spanish America, and a Declaration of Independence has been published—in which however, it is stated, that the province will submit to Ferdinand VII—whenever he is restored to his throne!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nuptial Ties, on account of its extreme length is omitted, nor can we promise the whole of it next week. *Edgar to Eliza* in our next. And several other favors as soon as possible.

Sirius, Josephus and Ode to Peace, are inadmissible. *Acrostic on a Justice of the Peace*, we dismiss from its affinity to politics; and several other pieces not worth naming.

Quere?—To whom the shoe fits?

Would it not be well to examine, whether Mr. Addison, in his poetic writings, has deviated, when it was his intention that every line should rhyme, though not in immediate succession?

MARRIED,

On Saturday last, by the Rev. Mr. Romeyn, Mr. John McDonald, to Miss Hannah Woodall, all of this city.

In Flatbush, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lowe, Mr. William A. Millar, of Philadelphia, printer, to Miss Laura Averill, of the former place.

At Charleston, Thomas W. Bacot, Esq. to Miss Sarah E. Wainwright.

On Friday the 8th inst. Mr. John Brown, son of Abraham Brown, of Mount Pleasant, to Miss Jane Reuqua, daughter of Joseph Reuqua, Esq. of Baltimore, (N. Y.)

On Friday night the knot was ty'd, Between John Brown, and Jane his bride.

O! may this pair by Hymen link'd,
Ne'er let the name become extinct,
But be it ev'ry year increas'd,
And spread the name from west to east.

At Red-hook, on the 17th of May, by the Rev. Mr. Kittle, Mr. George W. Cuyler, of the city of Albany, to Miss Catharine Livingston, daughter of Gilbert R. Livingston, Esq. of the former place.

DIED,

On Thursday last, Mr. John M. Bradford, aged 34 years.

On Friday the 3th inst. after a long and painful illness, Dr. Servant Grangeau, in whom society and the sick, have sustained a grievous loss.

On the 12th ult. in the town of Regia, near the Havana, in the 60th year of his age, Thomas E. Lynch, eldest son of the late Francis Lynch.

On Friday last, in the 12th year of his age, Andrew Dunscomb, youngest son of Ed. Dunscomb, esq.

On Saturday Mr. Garret Ketteltas, aged 62 years.

On Tuesday last, Mr. Daniel Tier, aged 72 years and 5 days.

On Monday last, Mr. Claude Forten, jeweller.

At Fayetteville, N. C. Mr. Evan Jones, of the firm of Anderson and Jones, merchants.

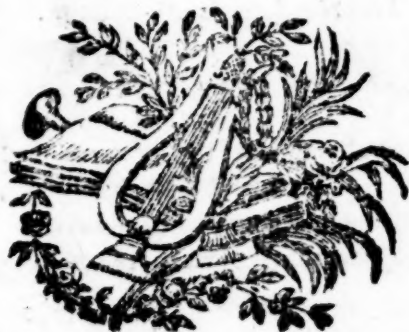
At the house of Robert Ogden, in Sparta, in the county of Sussex, New Jersey, on the 24th of May last, Mr. Oliver Green, a licentiate of Worcester Association, Mass.

At the Havana, on the 23d of May, after a short illness in the 26th year of his age, Mr. James Baker, of the house of Messrs. John and James Baker, of this city.

In England, Mr. James Gibson, aged 106 years. His faculties were entire to the last; he was a great smoker, and at his request his pipe and walking-stick were placed in his coffin.

In England, Mr. John Stokes; he had kept his coffin as an ornament in his parlor for 25 years.

On Tuesday morning last, of a lingering illness, Mrs. Rachel McKellar, formerly of Philadelphia.



.....
For the Lady's Miscellany.

MORNING.

Sol's radiant face, had lighted up the day,
 And night's black horrors banish'd from the world,
 The merry ploughman whistles o'er the lea,
 The busy broom now dext'rous Betty hurl'd.

 The sylvan warblers swell their little throats
 The Prince of Light with heartfelt joy to hail,
 And whilst they thrill their soft, melodious notes,
 The moaning night-bird ceaseth to bewail.

 The swelling rose bud, blushing at his sight,
 Spreads its sweet odours to the passing breeze—
 The snowy lilly opes her bosom white—
 Now, early insects whisper through the trees—

 Sly Reynard now snuffs up the gentle gale,
 The huntsman, joyful, winds his shrilly horn;
 All nature, smiling, softly lisps out—
 • Hail
 Great sov'reign, king, and emp'ror of the morn.'

EDGAR.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

TO EMMA.

Those native graces oft invite,
 On thy cheek so blooming,
 That gazing strangers at the sight,
 Can scarce refrain from wooing.

 When Philip first with Raphael's hand
 Each grace and dimple drew,
 With hearts elate, we oft did stand
 And the likeness oft did view.

 And he, with seeming modest eye,
 Mark'd each feature well,
 Those lips that with the coral vie
 And cheeks the rose excel.

 From many a colour of mingl'd hue,
 At once each grace he gave;
 While glowing life, he painted true,
 Each ringlet seem'd to wave.

 At length appear'd from colours fine,
 Blended with magic grace,
 A modest blush, that ere was thine,
 That oft bedeck'd thy face.

 When first the lines his pencil made,
 His pride would them conceal;
 Because those graces he'd not laid
 Where beauty'd set her seal.

 The warmth of love, and its delight,
 In each soft bosom glows;
 Where the many virtues, bright,
 Long since have found repose.

 It seem'd as if the graces there,
 Had all been made to fly,
 And lent their aid, to deck the fair,
 With meek and mild simplicity.

 Since painters thought to celebrate
 Your beauties in their way;
 Why not the poet feel elate,
 And tune his fav'rite lay.

 Therefore, accept my humble strain,
 Tho' noble is my theme,
 Till poets and painters shall again
 Of each bright beauty dream.

Broad-Street.

MORDEN.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

TO JANE'S PICTURE.

Sweet image of my little Jane,
Q! let me gaze on thee again!
Come show to James, each fair feature
Of the dear, enchanting creature.

Methinks that mouth, this very while,
Wears a sweet, enchanting smile,
And what appears so very simple,
Makes in each cheek a pretty dimple ;

And then those eyes of heav'nly blue,
Where cupid's play, and graces too,
Are radiant, with so mild a beam,
The fair originals they seem.

And now, dear miniature, should she
Be peeping in, at you and me,
A wicked laugh she'd try to smother
To see us smile at one another.

Tho' if I took her fun amiss,
I'd then embrace her in my arms,
I'd pay the rogue with many a kiss,
And dwell, with fervor, on her charms.

But if she e'er should jealous prove,
A balm I'd to my girl impart ;
For how could Jane e'er doubt his love,
When Jemmy wears her next his heart.

J— M—

For the Lady's Miscellany.

AN EPIGRAM.

Says Robert to Charles, my dear fellow,
do tell,
Don't you think my new pantaloons fit
very well ;
Yes, says Charley, they do, slyly stifling
a laugh,
For I think that they set very snug to
the—*Calf.*

For the Lady's Miscellany.

AN ACROSTIC.

L at all the world thy influence own,
O bsequious bow before thy throne ;
V irtue, fair daughter of the skies,
E njoins the glorious sacrifice.

A. S. G.

The following is a specimen of the number of effusions, with which we are every week abundantly supplied. Its orthography and elegance of diction, as well as its harmony of numbers, must make it a rare morceau to the lovers of sterling poesy. We give it *verbatim*, with the intention of encouraging the youth—to try again !

For the Miscellany.

To the Editor.

Sire by giving room to the followay Epitah in your Paper, you will oblige a persau who has met with a Lo's of one deaur to him than Life ; Qiz a Game Cock.

Epitah on a Game Cock

Here Lies beneath this clod of Earth
A Game Cock awer Brim full of mirth
Who maurins his fate and fall
Alas I mourn but tis to no efect—
he died and was no doubt of the elect—
So, well obeyd deaths call

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